

## **Cave Nick**

### **"A Box For Black Paul"**

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Who'll build a box for Black Paul?  
Ah'm enquirin on behalf of his soul  
Ah'd be beholdin to ya all  
For a lil information, yes some kinda information  
Just who'll dig the hole?  
When ya done ransackin his room  
grabbin anything that shines,  
throw the scrap down on the street  
Like all his books and his notes.  
All the junk that he wrote  
the whole fucken lot right up in smoke  
Aint there nuthin sacred anymore  
Someone will build a box for Black Paul?  
And there shootin off his guns  
and there shootin off their mouths  
saying 'Fuck with us ... and die!'  
(Let's see that rat of fear go scuttle in their skulls)  
'Cover that eye! Cover that frozen eye!'  
Black-puppet, in a heap up against the stoning-wall  
Blud-puppet, go to sleep, ma-ma won't scold ya  
anymore  
Armies of ants, wade up the lil red streams  
they're headin for the mother-pool  
O lord, it's cruel, O man it's hot!  
And some of them ants they yes ilot to the spot  
Who threw the first stone at Black Paul?  
'Don't ack us', say the critics and the hacks  
The pen-pushers and the quacks  
'We jes cum to git dah facks!'  
'We jes cum to git dah facks!'  
Hey, hey, hey, hey...  
Here is the hammer, that build the scaffold,  
and built the box...  
Here is the shovel, that dug the hole,  
in this ground of rocks...  
And here is the pile of stones!  
and for each one planted, God only knows,  
a blud-rose grown...  
These are the true Demon-Flowers!  
These are the true Demon-Flowers!  
Stand back everyone! Blud-black everyone!  
Who'll build a box for Black Paul?

Who'll carry it up the hill?  
Not I', said the widow, adjusting his veil  
'Ah will not drive the nail  
Or cart his puppet-body home,  
For ah done that one hundred times before,  
Yeah! ah done that one hundred times or more,  
And why should ah dress his wounds?  
When he has wounded my dress, nighty,  
Right across the floor'  
Who'll build a box for Black Paul?  
Who'll carry it up the hill?  
Who'll bury it in the black-soil?  
And from the words and the thickets  
Come the ghosts of his victims  
'We love you!'  
'Ah love you!'  
'and this will not hurt a bit,  
we'll go up,up,up,up,up into Death  
up,up,up,up, inhale its breath  
O yeah, Death favours those that favor Death'  
Here is the stone, and this is the inscription at bare  
'Below Lies Black Paul, Under The Upper...  
But Above and Beyond The Surface-Flat-Fall There.'  
And all the angels come on down,  
And all you men and women crowd around  
And all the widows weeping into their skirts  
And all the lil gals and the lil Boys  
And the scribes with mein-pens parsed  
All the hullabaloo, all the norse  
All the hullabaloo, all the noise  
All the hullabaloo, all of the noise  
clears his throat of black blut  
singin Black Paul like a lonely boy...  
We-e-e-ll, ah have cryed one thousand tears  
Ah've cryed a thousand tears, its true  
And the next stormy night ya know,  
That ah'm still cryin them for you  
Well, ah had a gal she was so sweet,  
Red dress, and long red hair hangin down  
And heaven yes ain't heaven  
Without that lil gal hangin around  
Well, ya know ah've loin a bad-man  
and Lord knows ah dun some good things too  
But ah confess, my soul will never rest  
Until you, until you build  
Until ya build a box for my gal, too.

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